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Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 20 07

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Withered Branches.

I cannot tell you all the beautiful words which Jesus said to His disciples that night at the last supper, and when the supper was finished, but I will tell you just a few of them.

'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'

'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.'

'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

He also told them that if they were not branches of the true Vine they would be cast out and burnt, just as withered branches are.

And then Jesus prayed for His disciples —such a wonderful prayer! And in that prayer Jesus prayed for every one who was going to believe in Him. So if you are trusting in Jesus you can say, 'Jesus was praying for me the very evening before he died.'

Pray now for yourself and for all Christ's followers that we may not become withered branches.—From the 'Children's King.'

The Secret of Contentment.

I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer, and knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle.

The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

Willie Watson.

The 'Poor Lost Lad.'

In an article on 'Christian Union' and its Principles,' the late Hugh Miller tells the following story, for a purpose that is sufficiently manifest in itself. The article appeared in the concluding pages of the volume entitled 'The Headship of Christ,' by Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh.

Willie had quitted the north country a respectable Presbyterian, but it was not until after meeting in the south with some pious Baptists that he had become vitally religious. The peculiarities of Baptist belief had no connection whatever with his conversion; higher and more generally entertained doctrines had been rendered efficient to that end; but, as is exceedingly common in such cases, he had closed with the entire theological code of the men who had been instrumental in the work; and so, to the place which he had left an unconverted Presbyterian, he returned a converted Baptist. Certain it was, however,—though until after his death his townsmen failed to apprehend it,—that Willie was better fitted for Christian union with the truly religious portion of them in the later than in the earlier stages of his career. Willie the Presbyterian was beyond comparison less their Christian brother than Willie the Baptist maugre their diversity of opinion on one important point. And in course of time they all lived to see it. We may add that, of all the many arguments promulgated in favor of toleration and Christian union in his northern town, there were none that told with better effect than the arguments furnished by the life and death of Willie Watson the 'poor lost lad.'

It is now many years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to his native place, a seaport town in the north of Scotland. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval; and there was little known regarding him on his return; except that, when he quitted town many years before, he had been a neat-handed, excellent workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, a more

Colored Blanks.

The attention of our subscribers is directed to the colored blanks enclosed in recent issues. These are not for renewals, but for genuine new subscriptions. We make this special trial rate because we believe that most of these new subscribers, after once becoming well acquainted with 'The Northern Messenger' in this way, will wish to continue it next year at the regular price. We would esteem it a favor if our subscribers would give or send these blanks to their friends, with a word as to how they like 'The Northern Messenger.' Kindly read special Year End Announcement on Page 12.

thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a greater reader of serious books. And to the better sort of the people were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy. Some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation when they met him in his solitary walks; when out came the astonishing fact, and, important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it, —that during his residence in the south country he had left the Kirk and gone over to the Baptists. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as 'a poor lost lad.'

The 'poor lost lad,' however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made shoes neater than anybody else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower-seeds for his garden. He was, withal, a single man with only an elderly sister, who lived with him, and himself to provide for; and what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person in his sphere of life, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighborhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his store. He was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and explaining to them the prints which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that, unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie, in a small way, and to a very small congregation, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories, and his pictures, and his flowers, and his apples, his labors were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the shop of Willie Watson, 'the poor lost lad.'

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight in the great revolutionary war, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of the boll rose tremendously; and many of the townspeople, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of their little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that times were exceedingly bad. There were no morning pieces among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses, Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister had begun to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end,—when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie began and divided the whole baking amongst them. Every member of his congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning piece. The neighbors marvelled at Willie. To be sure, much of his goodness was a kind of natural goodness; but certain it was that, independently of what it did, it took an inexplicable delight in the Bible and in religious meditation; and all agreed there was something strangely puzzling in the character of 'the poor lost lad.'

We have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied; it looked like a piece of rich needlework. He had got wonderful flowers, too,—flesh-colored carnations streaked with red, and roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the parti-colored polyanthus—grew better with Willie than anybody else. A Dutchman might have envied him his tulips, as they stood, row above row, on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild, dropping season in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colors, too, sprang apparently from the same stem. The neighbors talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to show them that the flowers sprang from different roots, and that what seemed their common stem was in reality but a green hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers, and, with all his humility, he could not help being somewhat proud of them, he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless indeed the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbors had not as fine gardens as himself: he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-colored carnation, yellow rose and all; he grafted their trees for them, too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip-roots, and the best methods of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at times to give the finishing touches to the parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings, and imparts the finer touches, to the landscape of a favorite pupil. All seemed impressed with the unselfishness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer-hearted man or a more obliging neighbor than Willie Watson, the poor lost lad.'

Everything earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the childlike simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite, and at length there came a morning on which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbors came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned that he was dying, and the feeling had deepened immensely because of the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table, bearing the one beloved volume, drawn close to his bed. He was the same quiet, placid creature he had ever been—grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the Kirk, and nothing of the Baptists; but earnestly did he urge on his visitors the one master truth of revelation. Oh, to be secure of an interest in Christ! there was nothing else, he assured them, that would stand them in the least stead, when, like him, they came to die. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety. God, for Christ's sake, had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world; and He was now kindly calling Him out of it. Whatever He did to him was good, and for his good; and why, then, should he be anxious or afraid? The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as 'the poor lost lad.'

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop; and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and the butterfly, with no one to take note of their beauty, or to sympathize in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters by the members of Willie's congregation; and they could all point out his grave.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The work amongst the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, is continuing to yield most encouraging results. Following the recent deep spiritual revival which continued for some months, nineteen girls were admitted to Church fellowship, their consistent lives attesting the thorough sincerity of their profession, and five of the older ones have left the Orphanage for homes of their own, four having married Christian converts from Amkert; these newly formed homes will all be under the loving, fostering care of the missions established in those cities, and we trust the young couples will prove helpful Christian workers. Besides the orphans, two native evangelists and a Bible-reader are also supported by subscribers, the work of the Bible reader being at the Leper Asylum. At a recent meeting the society decided to admit the untainted children of lepers into the Orphanage, every possible precaution being taken to prevent contagion, which, from experience, seems to be quite possible. These littleones so sorely bereft of parental care appeal most strongly to Christian sympathy.

In a recent article, Mr. Charles Ed. Russell states that 130,000,000 of the people of India live in wretched mud huts, clad in strips of rag, with barely enough food to keep them alive, and swarming in filth unutterable. The Sudras, the lowest caste, who are day laborers and street sweepers, of whom there are millions and millions, only get $2.24 a month for their labor. They are a hopeless, helpless class, despised and abhorred by all others, upon whom no thoughtful man can look without deep horror and pity beyond words, deprived even of the privilege of prayer, being forbidden to enter the temples and taught that they are hated by the gods. Next above them and others who work with their hands come the farmers, amongst whom the terrible famines work such awful havoc. They live in thatched huts without windows, mud walls and mud floor. The family sit on their heels in the damp, foul air, and for food they have in a week as much as is provided for a western farmer for one meal. Incredible as it may seem to us, nearly half the population, about 133,000,000, live constantly in a state of practical starvation, and never by any chance have enough to eat. In the country where such frightful conditions exist, Christian missions are indeed bright spots, and the noble uplifting work they are doing amongst these cruelly oppressed and downtrodden people must appeal to all who have any care for their fellow creatures.

Mrs. Crichton, of 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, is the secretary-treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society.

SPECIAL
"Messenger"
PREMIUM

FOR only TWO NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 15 cents to Jan 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid,
A beautifully colored
Maple Leaf Brooch,
in hard Enamel.

Actual Size.

See also year-end offer on page 12.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

She pointed to the bed and whispered, 'Do you know, Jim?'

Jim put his hand upon the tumbled red hair and said softly, 'I know. She's just sleepin' like, and she's done with the work and pain and the cold, and is restin'. And I know you're a brave little woman, and you ain't grudgin' it to her.' Then, feeling the chill of the room, more piercing than the chill outdoors, he instinctively drew his coat closer, and then paused, half-ashamed lest he had pained the child by noticing that there was no fire.

'I'll be sendin' some wood,' he said simply, and turned to go.

But the Saint started up. 'There's wood here, Jim,—I don't want no fire!'

'You don't want no fire!' Jim could scarcely believe his ears. 'It's cold out, child! You'll be took yourself if you sit here long! You must have a fire!'

Cecilia cast an anxious look at Mrs. Flynn, sitting there, and started to talk, but couldn't, and pointed dumbly at the stove. Jim lifted the lid ,to see if there were something broken, and the child made no movement of protest, only a shudder crept through her, and she bent her head on her arms. But she did not need to hide her face—Jim was so wise! So wonderfully far-seeing! He bent over, as if to peer into the depths of the little stove, and, with his back to the nodding neighbor, he slipped the ugly bottle beneath his coat, and, after poking about a bit, said brightly, 'I've fixed it all right now, Mrs. Flynn. Will yè be lightin' the fire?'

CHAPTER X.

Cecilia, with her nose flattened against the glass of the shop door, was watching for Jim to come home. By crowding into the corner, and pressing her face tightly against the glass, she could see the bit of sky overhead, and catch the cheery gleam of a few stars. She had always loved the stars, they seemed so calm and clear. But now they had an added charm; Jim had explained that stars were only little holes in the floor of heaven which allowed the light to shine through, and that if one watched closely, perhaps one might see passing the forms of those who are in heaven. The Saint had pondered deeply about it during the two days that had elapsed since her mother's funeral. Somehow, since she had seen her mother lying so still and white, in the clean, pretty white gown that the neighbors had put on her, she felt that her mother had been much better than she had realized before. Cecilia scarcely knew her as she lay there, and wondered if there mightn't be some mistake, and this really 'could' be her mother! But somehow there came a flash of recollection, of some time long ago, when her mother hadn't been so flushed and scowling, and when she really had looked as this silent calm figure looked. And the more she pondered it o'er, the clearer in her memory stood forth the newer picture, and the one of her mother as she had known her of late years faded; so Death, with infinite kindness, brought to the child what unkind Life had denied her — the thought of a loving motherhood. Her eyes grew misty as she thought about it now, and still peering at the star, she murmured her thought aloud: 'You know, God, she only got drunk because she had so much trouble! And she looked awful still and good, and please won't you put her there by the stars!'

She didn't even see Jim until he was fairly at the door, then her face lit up as she stepped back to let him in.

'Were you watchin' for me, Saint Cecilia?' he asked cheerily.

'I wasn't thinkin' of watchin' for you just then,' explained Cecilia honestly. 'I was watchin' the stars.'

'Watchin' the stars, were you?' Jim hung up his coat and hat on their accustomed nail. "Well, they're the poor man's diamonds—and it's sparklin' they are this night!'

'Do you think all heaven is as bright as the bit we see through the stars, Jim?' she asked as she turned from the door.

'Sure! And brighter still! Why, child, heaven is a place the like of which we never even dreamed! They left those little holes in the floor so as we could just get a bit of a taste of what's waiting for us if we deserve it!'

'Jim,' the Saint's voice was very solemn, and her eyes very earnest as she peeped into his face, 'do you think she's there? Or do you think maybe God wouldn't let her in because she—she used—to—kinder forget sometimes?'

Jim looked down into the thin, earnest face, and gently pushed her red hair back from her eyes. 'Never you fret, Cecilia. Heaven is a big place, and He's mighty good who's Ruler there. He'll be taking care of your mother."

'But, Jim,'—there rang still a tone of doubt through her voice. 'I watched since ever the stars came out—and there's three big ones I can see from here, and I looked and looked, and I couldn't see her, nor nobody.'

'Why, Saint Cecilia, child!' Jim was half sorry that he had told her, with her utter belief in him, the bit of nonsense; but, quickly, he wove another bit to keep her trust in him. 'The only ones who can see through the stars are the ones who are so good that God thinks they are fit to see.'

'Then, I'm not good enough yet, Jim,' she heaved a disappointed sigh, ''cause I could not see.'

'Well, don't you be feeling bad,' cheerily commented Jim, ''cause I never did neither.'

'You "didn't?"' No tones could be fuller of astonishment. 'Then I don't believe any one did—— 'Cause there "ain't" no one better than you!'

But Jim only smiled as he sat down with Cecilia at the tiny table next to the stove; something seemed to blur his eyes as Cecilia lifted the hissing little tea-pot from the stove and poured his tea. It was years since any one had done that for him, at his own table, and he coughed furiously that he might hide his face in his great red handkerchief; then gulping down the great thing that seemed to choke him, he smiled at Cecilia and said, 'It is good not to be eatin' alone, child.'

'I might not be eatin' at all if I wasn't keeping you company.' The Saint said it very fast for fear she could not hold her tears back until it was all said.

'You are welcome to this and more, Saint Cecilia——' Jim's voice was almost stern —'and I'm tellin' you again that it's kind to me to be keepin' the place while I am away. God knows I had need of some one —and a child here will bring sunshine. Are you grugin' me that?'

'Oh, Jim!' It was all she could say. It was all she had said when her mother had been laid away, and in the evening, she had sat helpless and hopeless, with a few of the neighbors, in the little room that had been home. They had solved, with the great-heartedness of the poor, the problem of the near future at least. Mrs. Flynn had said that she might sleep in her home, for her Jimmy and Minnie and the baby had a bed to themselves, and, as she argued, where there was room for three there was sure to be room for four. And Jim had decided that during the day he had great need of some one to stay in the shop, and while he couldn't afford to pay any one much for doing it, he would be glad if Cecilia would take her meals with him as part payment. And when Cecilia had sobbed outright, crushed by a great sense of obligation, they had carefully explained that it was Puddin' they were thinking most for—that Jim's would be a fine place for him to stay when he came out of the hospital, and she could then go to work. And thinking of Puddin', she tried to stifle the awful feeling of dependence, and had stepped into Jim's little domain, vowing within herself that she would pay them all back. She had started in by giving the shop such a cleaning as it had never before been treated to; Jim declared that since she cleaned the windows, daylight lasted a full hour longer in the shop.

And, indeed, the debt was not all hers, for Jim's heart warmed as it had not in years; and unforgotten throbs came back to him as he watched her wash the two cups and saucers. When Cecilia put her little shawl around her shoulders to go to Mrs. Flynn's for the night, he opened a parcel he had brought home with him, and took out a woollen hood, old-fashioned and a bit faded, but soft and warm.

'I was thinkin' you'd be going to see Puddin' to-morrow, and seein' this in a window, I thought to myself you'd be feelin' snug if your ears were covered like.'

'Ain't it lovely!' Cecilia pulled the soft gray hood down over her ears, and tied the narrow cotton ribbons under her chin. 'Sure, Puddin' won't be knowin' me at all with this on, for I never did have anything so fine.'

Jim stood in his doorway as she sped across the Court—then rubbed his eyes with his rough fingers as he locked up for the night. 'I'll have to be workin' three weeks to be paying up for the funeral—and then the ring! But she's worth it—and I'm thinkin' it's lucky I can be earnin' my pay on the Avenue.'

When Cecilia went to the hospital next day it was with a conscious pride in her attire; she wore her mother's shoes, as they were so much better than her own—her new hood was pulled down tightly and the ribbons tied precisely under her chin—her little shawl was pinned with a great black-headed pin, and she held in her hand a black-bordered handkerchief. Both pin and handkerchief had been given her by Mrs. O'Reilly, who explained that she ought to wear some black, and Cecilia felt that, somehow, her mother would stand higher in the respect of the Court, since she wore mourning.

The car seemed to go very slowly to her, and when at last she ran up the stone steps of the hospital, she could hardly wait until the door was opened. Then, she walked in and was half-way down the hall before the nurse who had opened the door could stop her.

When asked as to whom she wanted to see, Cecilia answered sharply, 'My brother, of course! Who'd you think?'

'And who "is" your brother?' inquired the nurse politely, trying to keep her eyes from smiling at the curious little figure.

Cecilia had it upon the tip of her tongue

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We are constantly receiving requests for back numbers of 'St. Cecilia,' which we regret to say have been exhausted. Any subscriptions now received for the Three Months' Coupon offer will therefore not be able to begin with the first chapter of the story, but must date from the current number.

to say, 'None of your business,' but feeling vaguely that it wasn't quite the place to use this bit of vernacular, she retorted sarcastically, 'My brother is Puddin' Sweeney, and he fell downstairs and hurted his back. The doctor he said he'd make him all right. He's up-stairs in that room where the sunshine comes in, and I'm going to see him.'

The nurse motioned her into a little waiting room, as she answered, 'I'll go and ask if you may see him now,' but the Saint, with flashing eye and doubled fist, planted herself squarely before her. 'You'll "ask" if I kin see him! Him, Puddin'! I "kin" see him, and I won't ask neither! Don't you nor nobody else say I can't see him!'

The shrill tones echoed through the quiet room. Dr. Hanauer, writing in his office, heard, and came out into the hall. He put out his hand pleasantly to the child, and said, 'Why, it's Cecilia! How do you do?'

Cecilia paid no attention to the outstretched hand, but stepped close to him, and said scornfully, 'She said she'd "ask" if I could see Puddin'! "Ask!" '

'Did she?' His keen eye swept over the indignant form. 'Nurse was very kind to do that for you, wasn't she?'

'Kind!' Cecilia didn't know whether he was making fun of her or not. 'He's my brother, and I "kin" see him whenever I like!'

'He'll be very glad to see you, I'm sure.' Dr. Hanauer led her into his office quietly. 'Sit down and let me talk to you.'

Then he explained to her very gently and clearly, that Puddin' was one of eighty-nine children in the hospital, and that if visitors were allowed at any time, the little ones, and Puddin', too, would become very excited, and it would take much longer to cure them. Clear-headed Cecilia understood it readily, and the anger that had burned so fiercely in her face died away as she listened.

'Why didn't "she" tell me that?' she queried.

'Did you give her the chance?' the doctor asked quietly.

Her face flushed for an instant, until her cheeks were almost the color of her hair; then she looked into his quiet, calm eyes, and answered with a little catch in her voice, 'I guess I don't know much how to act to folks—I mean folks like you and her.'

'Why, Cecilia!' Then he saw the black-bordered handkerchief. 'Are you in mourning, child?'

She felt very grown-up as she answered. 'Yes, for my mother; she died a week ago.'

'My poor child!' He put his hand caressingly on her head. 'What a brave little woman you will have to be!' Then, hastily, 'You won't tell the little brother that his mother died! He will grieve, and it will hurt him.'

Cecilia looked up half curiously, half scornfully. 'Oh, Puddin' won't care—he'll be glad.'

Dr. Hanauer looked at her wonderingly. 'Be glad! Glad his mother died! My dear child, why should he be "glad?" '

With a feeling that she had somehow been disloyal to her mother, yet anxious, too, to save Puddin's good name, she slowly explained. 'My mother had trouble, and sometimes she felt sick, and she'd drink a little, and then—then, you see—Puddin's so little, he didn't understand, and he'd get in her way—and, sometimes——' She stopped helplessly, seeing in the doctor's face that he understood her too clearly—then finished up bravely with, 'She was awful good, though, honest! And you'd never know her layin' there so quiet like! She looked like she just fell asleep—only nicer!'

Dr. Hanauer heard the loyal little explanation, then blew his nose vigorously, and lengthily, before he said, 'And now I'll take you to Puddin'.'

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The World As It Is.

It's a gay old world when you're gay
And a glad old world when you're glad,
But whether you play
Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great
And a mean old world if you're small;
It's a world full of hate
For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone;
The thing it must be
In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Betta's Ride.

Betta and Elsie stood on Grandpa Stearn's piazza; Betta was pouting, and Elsa was in tears. 'It's my turn,' said Elsie, 'you have been twice; it's my turn now.'

If you had never seen Betta before you would not have known that she was a pretty child, for the smiles and dimples were hidden away. 'I don't care,' she said, 'I want to go so bad I think grandpa ought to take me; you don't want to go half as bad as I do. Grandpa, grandpa, take me this time, won't you? I've never been to the Snake Hill road. Mamma says you can see the ocean from the top of the hill.'

Grandpa Stearns came up, leading the horse, and he looked at Betta dancing up and down in her eagerness to go, and then at Elsie holding her fingers over her eyes to keep the tears back. Betta had heard mamma say that grandpa was going over Snake Hill, and she had been teasing him ever since to take her with him. Grandpa reached out his hand and patted Elsie on the head. 'You shall go next time,' he said.

Betta and grandpa were soon jogging over the road. Grandpa was busy thinking, and did not talk to Betta, but Betta talked to him, and it was a bright and sunny day. But pretty soon it began to grow cool and shady, and Betta, looking at the sky, saw great black clouds rolling up, and then came distant peals of thunder. 'Going to have a shower,' said grandpa, and clucked to Sorrel, the horse. Betta wished grandpa would turn around and go home, but he kept on. All at once a shaft of fire darted across the front of the buggy, and at the same time there was a great explosion, as if the whole sky had burst. Down came the rain in torrents, and a gust of wind that seemed trying to take off the buggy-top. Sand and leaves and sticks flew by.

'Pretty near,' said grandpa, unrolling the boot and tucking Betta down under it. It kept on raining and blowing and crashing, and Betta had to stay under the boot in the dark, trembling, and wishing she had not begged grandpa to take her. She thought if she was only safe home with mother she would be the happiest girl in the world.

The rain came in under the boot and trickled across the floor of the buggy and soaked Betta's shoes. After a long time it stopped raining; the shower was over, and grandpa lifted the boot and told Betta to come up. She was in a sorry plight; her feet were wet, and her frock; and her pretty hat with the daisies was mussed all out of shape and soiled with the drippings of the boot. It seemed a long time to Betta before grandpa came to the house where he was going to see some famous fowl. When they drove into the yard the man and his wife came to the door.

'I'll have to trouble you to look after this little maiden,' said grandpa; 'she is in a sorry plight.'

The kind woman took Betta into the house and took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in a shawl. Grandpa went on to another place, and left Betta with the good friends to get dry. There was no little girl there, and Betta could not run about, both because her clothes were drying and because it was muddy and dripping out of doors.

It was a dreary afternoon. Betta thought grandpa would never come for her. It was beginning to grow dark when he did come, and the stars were hidden by the clouds, and it was very dark through the woods. Grandpa talked a little on the way home, but Betta hardly spoke.

When Grandpa took Betta out of the buggy and stood her on the steps it seemed as if she had been gone a year. She ran to her mamma and hugged her tight. 'I have had the dreadfullest time,' she said; 'and the buggy was struck, but it didn't hit us.'

As soon as Betta could stop hugging her mamma she looked around for Elsie. 'Where's Elsie?' she said. 'Has she gone to bed? Is it past bed-time?'

'Elsie has gone to Pine Point with Aunt Rachel,' said mamma.

'Gone to the shore?' asked Betta, in dismay. She had been wishing all vacation she might go to the shore.

'Yes; Aunt Rachel said she was trying all the way here to decide which one of you to take, but when she got here she found it all decided for her.'

The house suddenly seemed very empty and still. 'When will Elsie come back, mamma?'

'They will be gone three days. Elsie was so glad she had not gone to ride.'

Betta, sitting in her little chair beside her mamma, was very still for a long time, thinking. At last, with a long sigh, she said, 'I am glad Elsie was the one; she is the bestest girl.'—'Sunday School Advocate.'

A Twilight Story for Girls.

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head.

'I pity ourselves to-day,' she said.

'I know—it will be so hard to keep the children bright,' the other answered. A nurse was taking the temperatures and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stopped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face.

'Don't you want some of the scrapbooks to look over, Jennie?' she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninteresting. 'No,' she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. 'Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles? You could play with it nicely there.'

'No, I don't want any,' Jennie answered wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

'Don't bother about Jennie. I guess I can make her do something,' she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. 'Thank you, little assistant,' she said, tenderly.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patients' clothes were kept in a case full of big pigeonholes, was one bundle shabbier than the others; this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer, cruel-looking weights that meant suffering far greater than most of the little invalids there could imagine, and they were Maggie's too. Perhaps in all the long roomful, she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if we will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened here eyes when the sharpest pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, 'Jennie!'

'What is it?' Jennie asked listlessly.

'Jennie, let's "see things" we haven't or ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know.'

'Well,' Jennie answered doubtfully; 'you'll have to begin, though.'

'Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—my, don't they smell sweet?'

'I know something prettier than that,'

Jennie answered. 'It's vi'lets—a lady gave me some once. They ain't anything like 'em, velvet nor nothin' else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dulin!'

'But I see somethin' else,' Maggie went on. 'It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers, yellow, and white, and all colors, and there ain't no sign to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet.'

Round the ward sped quickly, 'Maggie's seein' things!' Children who could walk went over to her corner; wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. 'She's as good medicine as the sunshine,' he said.

'Poor little thing!' the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. 'It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!' he said.—Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Woman's Journal.'

A Message From the Woods.

(Marion Brier, in the American 'Messenger.')

Aunt Eleanor eagerly scanned the group of merry faces waiting to welcome her, as she stepped from the train. It was ten years since she last visited her sister, and ever since she began planning this visit she had looked forward to making the acquaintance of her nieces, who had been only small children the last time she saw them.

That was the group, she was sure; there were Carol and Evelyn, the two high-school girls, and Eleanor, Auntie's namesake, who was just finishing the eighth grade. They were a trio of bright, happy faces, and Aunt Eleanor's face lighted up with a glad, fond smile, and her hands were quickly outstretched to meet the three pairs of eager, welcoming hands.

From that moment they were friends. The three girls always found Aunt Eleanor an interested and sympathetic listener, and the three eager tongues ran on with stories of school, of Sunday School, of the young people's society, of their friends and chums, and of many other subjects. Aunt Eleanor was always interested, but her face was often troubled as she listened. No matter what was the subject of discussion, or which one of the three girls was talking, there was always some criticism made, some fault found; they criticised their teachers, they criticised their classmates, they criticised their minister, they criticised their neighbors, their friends, and even their chums. There was nothing in which they did not find some fault.

Aunt Eleanor's kindly heart was troubled. 'It does seem too bad,' she thought again and again. 'They are such lovable girls; but the beauty of their lives will surely be spoiled if they do not overcome this fault finding habit. I have seen it so many times, and each time it has made the fault-finder unlovely and unhappy in a few years. I cannot bear to see the girls give way to the habit.'

The days slipped by swiftly and all too soon the time came for Aunt Eleanor to return to her country home in a neighboring State. 'Oh, I wish I could go with you,' Carol said longingly. 'I've heard mamma tell so much about the old place and the wild flowers down in the woods by the river, that it seems as if I could almost see them, though!'

'Perhaps I wouldn't, too!' Evelyn broke in emphatically.

'I tell you, Auntie, just as soon as our ship comes in, you may expect all of us to pay you a visit and we'll pick bushels of flowers. Don't you think it's a shame? I never picked a wild flower in my life!' Eleanor declared somewhat tragically.

'Well,' Aunt Eleanor said, 'you can pick all you want to when you come to see me, and in the meantime I'll send you a box of flowers from those woods as soon as I have had time to take a walk through them.'

So it happened that the next week when a box came addressed in Aunt Eleanor's handwriting the girls welcomed it eagerly. Eleanor and Evelyn rushed around and gathered together all the vases in the house and filled them with water, while Carol was untying the string from the box.

'We'll take the flowers over to the church on Sunday,' Carol said, as she untied the last hard knot. 'I know our city congregation will enjoy some wild flowers.' She took the cover off the box, carefully raised the tissue paper, then dropped it quickly with an exclamation of wondering dismay her expression of anticipation changing quickly into one of disappointment.

'What is it? Let me see!' Evelyn exclaimed impatiently, hastily lifting the tissue paper again. She too looked in surprise: the box was filled with withered and worm-eaten flowers, not one perfect one among them. The girls looked at each other blankly.

'Well, of all the things!' Carol exclaimed at last. 'What in the world could Aunt Eleanor have meant by sending such a box as that? You don't suppose she is out of her mind, do you?'

No one had any explanation to offer. They puzzled and puzzled over the strange occurrence all the morning. When the afternoon mail was delivered, Eleanor came flying in with it, exclaiming, 'Here's a letter from Aunt Eleanor! Perhaps it will explain why she sent that queer box of flowers.'

Carol took the letter, opened and silently read it while the others watched curiously the changing expression on her face. When she had finished, she handed it to Evelyn without a word, but with an odd look. Evelyn then read aloud the following:

'DEAREST GIRLS: Will you forgive your Auntie for sending you an object-lesson? I have sent you the things that I saw to criticise during my walk in the woods to-day and left everything that was beautiful there. I have sent you these few unlovely flowers that I found, when I might have sent you a great mass of beautiful, fragrant blossoms!

'Do you read the meaning of my parable, my darling girls? Perhaps you thought I must be out of my mind when you got the ugly box. But, girlies, now listen to me a minute. Do you realize that you do often just what I did this time? You bring the unpleasant things, the faults, the things to be criticised that you have seen and heard home to your friends, instead of bringing the most beautiful, noble and helpful thoughts and acts. Don't do it any more, girlies. Learn to see the best that is in every one. Don't hunt for the faults and don't entertain your friends with them any more than you would pick the one withered rose on a bush to show them instead of choosing the most beautiful blossom there.

'Your loving
'AUNT ELEANOR.'

There were three sober faces when the letter was finished, and all that evening the girls were very quiet.

The next day another box came by express, and when it was opened the girls exclaimed in delight. There were great bunches of violets, hiding among their green leaves, dainty wind-flowers, waxy-white trilliums, star-like anemones, and graceful bluebells.

'Oh, the beauties!' Evelyn exclaimed, burying her face among the violets. 'Don't you love them, Carol?'

But Carol was studying the note that came with the flowers. It contained simply these words:

'DEAREST GIRLS: I send you the best that I saw this time.

'AUNTIE.'

The girls never forget this message from the woods. Whenever they began to speak of a fault they had seen in some one else that box of withered flowers came to their minds and they felt as if they were offering their friends one of the ugly blossoms. So more and more each day they grew into the habit of watching for beautiful things to tell, bits of unselfishness, kindness, helpful deeds, charming traits of character. And all unconsciously as they learned to see the best in others, as they looked for the beautiful in other lives, their own lives grew more beautiful.

You Owe it to Your Mother.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different, or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Not to forget that, though she is old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart as far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her your full confidence, and never to do anything which you think she would disapprove.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders which have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

To bear patiently with her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do, even though you have no doubt as to what your course should be.

To be on the lookout for every occasion to make whatever return you can for her years of sacrifice and planning for your happiness and well-being.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices, if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To introduce all your young friends to her, and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated, or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family. To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a little trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

The girl who endeavors to pay back what she owes her mother is the one who will be most sought after by the people who are worth while, and be apt to make the most successful life.—'Success Magazine.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LITTLE FOLKS

Johnny.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'Christian Age.')

It was a notable day which brought Johnny the double happiness of a suit of clothes with pockets, just like a man, and a gun to shoot things, just like Uncle Maurice.

Now he could carry his toys and marbles and balls in his pockets instead of putting them in the trunk upstairs, and he could make real hunting stories of his own instead of depending upon Uncle Maurice.

So when his new suit had been sufficiently admired in the house, and he had walked around the yard for the benefit of possible lookers on, he took his gun and went back into the depths of the great forest of five apple trees and a grape vine.

But instead of going with a hop and skip as was his wont, he made a long detour through the currant bushes and round behind the rows of horseradish and rhubarb, and at last entered the forest very slowly and stealthily. That was the right way, he knew, and he almost felt like saying 'Ugh!' as he dropped upon his hands and knees and worked his way to a sheltered position behind one of the apple tree trunks. There he raised his gun to a deliberate, horizontal line with whatever might happen to come in front, and waited.

But not long. A robin recognized him as a boy who often threw crumbs from a window, and hopped to a lower branch of a tree, where it cocked its head on one side as though studying the stick which was held out so straight. Then a whiff of ripening strawberries came from the garden, and the bird forgot the stick and threw its head back in a sudden ecstasy of chirps and twitters.

Johnny watched with a curiously conflicting expression on his face. He was perfectly confident that when he pressed the unmovable bit of wood which represented a trigger there would be a volley of musketry—no, that was not it, a sharp, reverberating report was what Uncle Maurice made when he went hunting by himself—and the game would fall.

But he was not quite sure he wanted the game to fall. He had seen dead game, and he knew if the robin was made that way it could never sing any more, and he did like to hear a robin sing.

At length the muzzle of the wooden gun fell upon the grass; and its owner, after another long deliberation, took out his jack knife and began to whittle. When he returned to the house his mother looked at him curiously.

'What are you smiling about?' she asked, then 'What's the matter with your gun?'

Johnny held it up for her inspection.

'I just whittled off the trigger so I wouldn't be tempted to shoot any more,' he replied steadily. 'I'd sooner the game would live.'

Would that more of the older boys were like Johnny.—'Christian Age.'

Nurse's Song.

(William Blake.)

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.

'No, no, let us play, for yet it is day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are covered with sheep.'
Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd;
And all the hills echoed.

How Willie and I Rode Pigback.

They were the sweetest pigs you ever saw; and Michael O'Dowd, the farm steward, had bought them for father at the fair of St. Anne's.

One was a little fat white pig, with a curly tail, and the other was a little fat black pig, with a straight tail; and they had the cunningest eyes, and were so smooth and clean that Willie and I agreed that they were 'perfect ducks of pigs.'

I think we both rather preferred the black one—he was so very black, and was such a sociable little fellow.

One night shortly after their arrival, when Willie and I had gone to bed, and nurse had carried away the lamps, Willie crept out of his cot and hopped into mine.

He had been making a wonderful plan; and, as it was a dead secret, we had to talk about it under the bedclothes.

He thought if we wer to get up

very early, before the nurse came in, and go out doors, and mount those sweet new pigs, we could soon train them nicely; and what did I think of that for fun?

I squeaked with delight down under the blankets. Willie said he had told his plan to Micky O'Dowd, the steward's son, who was quite an old boy, about nine years of age, and that Micky had promised to help, and would meet us at the pigsty as soon as it was light.

Morning came; and, oh, what a time we had dressing ourselves! Everything that tied on we tied in hard double-knots, and everything that buttoned on we buttoned before instead of behind, which made the armholes uncomfortable. We crept out by the study window, as the great front door was still bolted and barred.

Micky was on hand, and so were the pigs.

I was a little disturbed to find that I must ride like a boy, for the pigs simply wouldn't be saddled.

Micky chased our steeds into a corner of the pen while we mounted; for mount we did, although they squealed enough to deafen us. A moment later and we were off.

Shall I ever forget how those pigs did run? The black one led, with Will hanging on to his ears for dear life, his yellow curls streaming out straight behind him; the white pig close behind, yelling like mad, as I clung with both arms around his neck. But, just as he reached the very roughest spot in the yard, the black pig stopped short, and stood on his head. The white one was too close behind to pull up in time, so he tumbled heels over head on top of the black one; and, when the terrified Micky reached the spot, the pigs were nowhere, but a very sober boy and girl sat upon the paving of the yard, the boy with a bump over his eye and the girl with a rapidly swelling nose.

Micky picked us up, tied up Willie's head in a red cotton handkerchief, and gave me a cabbage leaf to hold to my nose. Then he 'cleared,' and no Micky was seen about the place for a week or more.

Willie and I started for the house, hand in hand. 'We did have a lovely time, though, didn't we?' said Willie, from under the red cotton handkerchief. 'We did,' I groaned from behind the cabbage leaf.

But between ourselves, little men and women, we have never ridden a piggy-wig black or white, from that day to this.—'Babyland.'

Master Pussy's Woes.

My name is Thomas; I'm a cat,
  Or kitten, if you please;
I think I'd rather be a rat
  And run about at ease!

For I am little Mary's pet,
  And, oh! she never will
Allow me any rest to get,
  —I wonder I'm not ill.

She pulls my tail (though not in rage),
  She curls my whiskers, too,
—What can a cat of tender age,
  What dare a kitten do?

I do not care to put my claws
  Into her rosy arm;
I do not like to bite, or cause
  The child the least alarm.

She steals my saucer and she hides
  My morning cream away;
My bit of fish, too, sometimes glides—
  (She took it yesterday).

I know she does this 'just for fun,'
  But then, dear me, what's that?
I fear I'll have to rise and run,
  I'm such a wretched cat.

And then—just think of it, please do!—
  Around my neck she's tied
A shining length of ribbon blue,
  In bows both large and wide;

And all the cats and kits about,
  Whene'er I take a walk,
Begin to jeer at me and shout,
  Or point at me and talk!

—Deboral

The Loving Game.

It was a pretty game that Aunt Rose and little Harry used to play together.

When Harry would put up his tiny forefinger and say, 'I can beat you lovin'!' Aunt Rose would say, 'Oh, no, you can't!'

Then she would put on her thinking-cap and begin, 'I love you more than a bushel of pennies!'

Quick as a flash, Harry would say, 'I love you more than two bags of big dollars!'

Then Aunt Rose would say, 'I love you longer than seven Sundays!'

A shake of that tiny forefinger, and Harry would answer, 'But I love you longer than ten Christmases!'

'I love you clear around the block!' Aunt Rose would say.

'And I love you all over the park!' Harry would asser'

'I love you as high as this house!' Aunt Rose would declare.

'And I love you to the top of the church steeple!' Harry would say.

'I love you as deep as the well!'

'Pooh! I love you to the bottom of the lake!'

And so they would go on.

But one day, Harry had a bright thought. After he had loved to the bottom of the ocean and down into the middle of the earth, and to the top of the mountains and way up into the sky, he began to caper about and clap his hands.

'I've got you! I've got you!' he shouted.

Then, with shining eyes, he said, 'I loves you more than my mamma loves me!'

Thereupon Aunt Rose gave it up, there was nothing beyond that.—Rosalie M. Cody, in 'Little Folks.'

Correspondence

MY SUMMER HOME.

S. is a nice cool summer resort in the province of Quebec, situated on beautiful Lake St. Louis. There are many kinds of outdoor sports to pass the time, such as tennis, croquet, baseball, quoits, etc. Although in Lake St. Louis there is little fishing, much amusement is got from boating, such as yachting, canoeing, and long trips taken in launches. As the weather gets warmer many people go in bathing. There are also quantities of wild strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. It is very convenient here, as it only takes five minutes to the train, and is only twelve miles from Montreal. Many visitors come out from Saturday till Monday. The children gather many wild flowers, such as trilliums, jack in the pulpit, orchids, violets, daisies, anemone, clovers, buttercups, etc. It is fine out here for bathing, as there is a nice sandy beach, and a boathouse for going in bathing, and a gentleman had all the rocks taken away from in front of the boathouse. There are many pretty walks and drives. One can drive as far as St. Anne's on the main road. Many automobiles take advantage of this, and have one of the prettiest drives on the Island of Montreal.

LILIAN ROBINSON.

A. C., P. Q.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am going to school. I am in Grade IV. My favorite friend at school is Gordon McW. We are having nice weather. For pets I have a horse, two ponies, and one white bulldog. The dog's name is Firefly. I have nine brothers and four sisters. My birthday is on June 11th. I wonder whether any other boy's birthday is on the same day as mine. I am 12 years old.

STANLEY L.

A. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the Correspondence Page. I go to school every day. I am in grade IV. I like going to school. I live on a farm on the Chateauguay river. For pets I have one dog and two cats. Some of the books I have read are 'Black Beauty,' 'Star in a Prison,' 'My White Dove,' and many others. I will ask a riddle: What is long legs, crooked thighs, little head, and no eyes?

GORDON McW.

E. T., P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years of age. I am in the third reader. The books I study are the third book, grammar, geography, and history. I go to school pretty nearly every day. Our teacher's name is Miss B. I go to Sunday school. I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. T. I have three sisters, and one brother. We have five cows and one horse. We had a cat, and she left us. She lost her kitten, and she couldn't stay any longer. We had one dog; his name was Jack, and one night he disappeared.

I think I know the answer to Emory D.'s riddle—Andrew.

I am going to send one: Four stiff standards, four down hangers, two hookers, two hookers, and one switch about.

KATIE M. MURPHY.

W. V., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the letters on the Correspondence Page very much. I go to school, and am in the sixth reader. I have four brothers, but no sisters. Some of the books I have read are: 'Danesbury House,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Tower of London,' and a great many others.

The answer to Emory D.'s riddle is Andrew. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on October 30.

LILLIE A. HUESTIS.

R. G., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I think I know the answers to some of the puzzles I have seen in the 'Messenger.' In May 25th paper, Charles Rattee gave the puzzle: Old Mother Twicken had but one eye, and a very long tail. Every time she went through a gap she left a bit of her tail in the trap. Answer: A needle.

Margaret Ellis asked, What has ears, yet cannot hear? Answer: Corn.

Mabel Brebner gave these two: Formed long ago, yet made to-day, and most employed while others sleep, few would wish to give away, and none would wish to keep? A bed. What four letters would frighten a thief? Answer: The letters O I C U.

I will give one: What comes after cheese?

BERYL L. ONE?

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having seen many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too. I go to G. Sabbath school, and I am in the Bible Class. My teacher's name is D. D. K. We get the 'Messenger' in Sabbath school. I like to read the stories, also the Correspondence Page. I am thirteen years of age, and I do not go to school now. I was in the fourth class when I stopped. My teacher was Miss MacD. I have two sisters, and one brother. For pets we have two dogs, two foxes, and two kittens. We go to Maxville Presbyterian Church. I saw in D. L. Emery's letter the questions: (1) Where is the word 'Razor' found in the Bible? I think it is in Numbers, the sixth chapter, and the fifth verse. And what is the 'longest 'word in the Bible? I think it is Nebuchadnezzar.

FLORA T. MACKAY.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our school had a picnic on May 24th. We had a very good time, but it was so hot. We searched for wild flowers, and found quite a few.

The answers to M. Ellis's riddles are: 1, a potato; 2, a stalk of corn, 5, when it gets to the bottom of the hill; 6, is not as simple as it appears, but I would like to know the answer.

I am not sure about the answer to 'A blind beggar and his brother died,' but I think the beggar was a brother to his brother. He wouldn't be a very good godfather to have any way.

In answer to 'What animal looks most like a cat?' is a kitten.

I C U are the letters which would frighten a thief.

The answer to Bessie Rattee's riddle is a cherry.

A needle is the answer to a conundrum of C. Rattee.

What is the shortest verse in the Bible?

What is a man's meat yet nobody ever eats it?

MAYFLOWER.

Q.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write, as I have never written before. I am a little girl 11 years old. My birthday was the first of February. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same date. I go to school, and like to go very much. I have not been for a few weeks, because I had a bad cold. But I will soon be able to go to school again. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I took the 'Messenger' before, and then I stopped, but I felt I could not do without it, and started again. I like to read the Correspondence very much. Some of the little boys and girls do very good drawing.

MAY HAMMOND.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Mare and foal.' Stanley Murray, T., Ont.
2. 'Hen.' W. Sharp.
3. 'Bess.' Annie MacQueen, B., Assa.
4. 'Brook trout aquarium.' Mitchell Two-axe, W., Ont.
5. 'American elk.' Lorne Moore, B. M., Ont.
6. 'Grizzly bear.' Ross Higgins, H., Ont.
7. 'The deer.' William A. Duncan, L. S., N. B.
8. 'Duck.' Olive McNeill, S., N. S.
9. 'Cat.' Merrill McNeill, S., N. S.
10. 'Mouser.' Avard Wallace, R., Man.
11. 'A family cow.' Russell Morrison.
12. 'Rocks.' M. McL., S., Alta.
13. 'Hey diddle diddle.' H. W. H., C., Ont.
14. 'Donkey.' Eric McBain, A., Ont.
15. 'Jocko.' Edgar Trueman, S. J., N.B.

A Brooch Free.

If anyone knows of a Sunday School that does not distribute the 'Northern Messenger,' and will send us a post card with the names of the Superintendent, the Secretary and the Pastor, we will forward the sender by return of post one of our beautiful Maple Leaf brooches, free of all charge.

Should two persons from the same district send in this information concerning the same Sunday School, we will award the brooch to the first sender, and notify the other to that effect.

We want the information for a particular purpose, and the one sending it will be doing the Sunday School in question a good turn.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON VI—AUGUST 5, 1906.

False Excuses.

Luke xiv., 15-24.

Golden Text.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.—Luke xiv., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 30.—Luke xiv., 15-24.
Tuesday, July 31.—Luke xiv., 25-35.
Wednesday, August 1.—Matt. xxii., 1-14.
Thursday, August 2.—Prov. ix., 1-10.
Friday, August 3.—Zech. vii., 8-14.
Saturday, August 4.—Rev. xix., 1-16.
Sunday, August 5.—S., Rec. xxii., 8-17.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The prescribed ablutions are attended to, the festive cloak from the host's own wardrobe is thrown around each guest, and at length the banquet-hall is reached. There, on the tessellated floor, rest the silken-upholstered couches, on which the guests recline, their relative positions indicating the degree of favor in which they are held by the host. Even the tablecloth is richly parti-colored, and on it rest sumptuous dishes of chased gold and silver and iridescent glass. Obsequious servants glide in and out. A dado of admiring spectators hems in the scene. From above, the great lamp, with golden bowl, suspended by a silver cord, sheds mellow light upon the goodly scene. The air is laden with sweet odors, and pulses with rhythmic strains.

Jesus has already conversed pointedly upon that self-oblivious humility which never fails of exaltation, and that disinterested generosity which seeks no recompense because it exercises itself toward those who are powerless to make a return in kind. There is a lull in conversation. A guest exclaims, 'Blessed he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God!'

It is a bait to lure the Master on to further discourse, and particularly to disclose his ideal of the Messianic kingdom. The remark intimates the prevailing Hebrew notion—the restoration of Solomonic power and splendour. Happy shall he be who is bidden to the House of the Forest of Lebanon when it shall grace again the height of Zion, that goodly palace of ivory and cedar. Thrice happy he who is bidden to banquet there on kingly dainties. All are alert to hear what response the young Teacher will make.

He does not keep them in suspense. He accepts the challenge. But, as ever, He dwells upon the practical rather than the speculative phase of the subject. It is the personal attitude of the individual toward the Messianic kingdom, rather than the accidents of that kingdom. The Messianic banquet is now spread. Many are invited, the Jew first. Will the Host be honored or insulted, the invitation accepted or declined?

The universal voice of the Hebrew nation will be, 'From such a banquet, good Lord, deliver us!' The individual will say, 'I pray Thee have me excused.' And in both instances the answer is made because the kingdom comes not in an anticipated and desired form.

The strength of the parable is in its very improbability. The preposterous inadequacy of the excuses shows at a glance the disinclination to accept the invitation. It is a conscious, deliberate insult to the King of heaven.

From the recalcitrant Jew to whom is committed the oracles of God, and whose advantage is great every way, the heralds of the King of heaven are directed to turn to those whom the Jew considers the filth and offscouring of the world; who, as far as religious privileges are concerned are poor maimed, halt, and blind; at whom heaven's favorite casts the epithet of 'dog,' and whom he esteems ordained to destruction.

Blessed is he who is not offended at the form in which the Messianic banquet is given! Happy is he who sacrifices all his preconceived notions, and overcomes his racial prejudices! He shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Jesus a Guest at Pharisees' Banquet.
   The scene pictured.
   The table talk.
2. Exclamation of a Guest.
   A bait for further discourse.
   Especially to disclose His ideal of the Messianic kingdom.
3. Jesus Accepts Challenge.
   Practical, not speculative.
   Personal attitude toward kingdom.
   More important than mere accidents of the same.
4. Not the National Ideal.
   Individual also prays to be excused.
5. Improbability: Strength of Parable.
   Preposterous inadequacy of excuses.
   Shows unwillingness to accept.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The banquet is ever the Divine and significant symbol of the grace of God. The invitation is universal and free, the provision inexhaustible.

* * * * *

Destiny turns upon the acceptance or declination of the gracious invitation. The responsibility is a personal one. Every man freely elects himself to life or death. Solemn thought! Enough to awe the most superficial thoughtful.

* * * * *

God's heralds are we, announcing the feast. Angels may well covet the honor of our high calling. To induce a fellow-immortal to eat the living bread of the kingdom is the noblest thing we can do. Doubtful if eternity can afford us more exalted work. We should be all at it, and always in season and out—preacher, teachers, parents, leaguers, friends, neighbors, all!

* * * * *

Compel them to come in! So urgent is the case. Every argument must be plied assiduously. The sluggish and dormant are to be awakened. Devotees of the world, the flesh, and the devil are to be made to see God's claim, and allow it. No goodie platitudes spun out of a lackadaisical benevolence are to effect an end such as that. Only thorough-going moral earnestness, which feels the terror of the law, can successfully persuade men of it.

* * * * *

And yet there is room. The lavish way God does things in nature hints the impossibility of his being parsimonious in grace. The giant oak shakes, and enough acorns fall to plant a hundred forests. Atmosphere is forty miles deep: can it ever be breathed up? There are cubic miles of fresh water in nature's reservoirs: can they ever be drunk up? So in the blessed fountain opened in the house of David, there is enough for each, for all, for evermore.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 5. Topic.—Duty, privilege, and excuses. Luke xiv., 15-24. (Consecration meeting, with special thought of our pledge.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM OBADIAH.

Monday, July 30.—Obadiah feared God. 1 Kings xviii., 3.

Tuesday, July 31.—Obadiah was kind. 1 Kings xviii., 13.

Wednesday, August 1.—Obadiah's errand. 1 Kings xviii., 5, 6.

Tuesday, August 2.—Obadiah's reward. Matt. x., 41, 42.

Friday, August 3.—What Christ said. Mark ix., 41.

Saturday, August 4.—What Paul said. Heb. vi., 10.

Sunday, August 5. Topic.—Lessons from Obadiah.. 1 Kings xviii., 21, 36-39.

If You Would Win Your Pupil for Christ.

The first condition is that the teacher has been won. You are not guide-boards pointing the way, but living guides leading the way. At the shore when we go in bathing we do not go fishing.— in bathing we plunge into the water, seek the level the fishes are in. When we fish we stand where we want to land the fish. The teacher must be where he wishes the scholar to be. Only the Master could say 'Go.' We must say 'Come.' 'Let him that heareth, say, "come."' Philip found Christ before he found Nathanael. The Samaritan woman found Christ before she could lead her neighbors to Him. Teacher! Have you found Christ?

The teacher must be consistent—what he is must illustrate what he says. 'What you are speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you say,' said Emerson. Rabbits run brown in the Summer and white in the Winter when wild; you cannot run brown six days and white one. The surgeon must be very careful of his blades and his hands lest he give blood poisoning and death where he meant to give life. Many a soul has been poisoned by handling with impure, uncleansed hands. The wire that carries the message must be insulated, upborne by the pole, but separated from it, stretching from the battery—but one with it.

Search the Scriptures for the purpose of finding saving truths. The layman goes to the drug store with a prescription. He does not first try one drug store and then another on general principles. The miner searches the earth for minerals; the Bible is seamed with gold and silver; search for it, coin it, buy souls with it.

Know the scholar—his home, school, office, shop life. Study the warp and woof of heredity and environment and you may know the colors and pattern of the life you are trying to conform to the pattern of God's will. Study your soil as well as your seed.

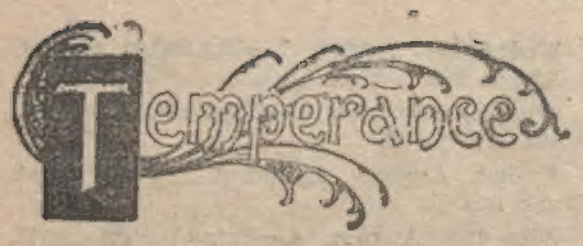
Be much in prayer. The most successful teachers I have known have been most in prayer. Prayer puts the lips of your soul to the ear of God and surrenders the ear of your soul to the lips of God. Water the seed sown with prayer, nourish the life of the scholar with prayer. The more you pray, the more you will become the man you ought to be; the nearer you are to God, the easier you will find it to win the scholar to Christ.—Gifford.

For the Primary Class.

A teacher in the 'Sunday School Herald' suggests what can be done for a primary class which is compelled to use the same room with the main department, as follows:

'Gather the class behind all the others in a corner, and enclose that corner with screens.

'The enclosing screens may be very plain. Two ordinary large clothes-horses, covered with dark calico, will answer every purpose. A row of nails along the top will hang the picture roll, etc. A piece of flexible blackboard cloth, hemmed at bottom and top, and stiffened by two sticks, may be attached to the screen by rings or cords at top and bottom. It will not be perfectly steady, but it is a great deal better than no board. Of course, there can be no singing, but a great many of the simpler motion exercises can be quietly carried on. Each child can be taught to speak gently, just as the skilful leader of a chorus can command a pianissimo passage.'



A Successful Prohibition Area

Scotstoun, Glasgow.

(By Alexander Black, of Glasgow.)

The district of Scotstoun, which is fully four miles west of Glasgow, on the north side of the river Clyde, has been increasing during the past few years by leaps and bounds. The population of this suburb is now 7,000. It possesses a special interest in Temperance reformers from the fact that it is a Prohibition area.

The Scotstoun Estate, which extends to 1,000 acres and includes Scotstoun, a large portion of the burgh of Partick, and part of the west end of the City of Glasgow, has a population of 20,000. The proprietor of this estate is Mr. J. W. Gordon Oswald, a gentleman of high Christian character, who is deeply interested in the welfare of the people. Mr. Gordon Oswald has inserted a clause in all the feu charters of his estate absolutely prohibiting those who build houses on his ground from using them as public-houses or as premises for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

This perpetual Prohibitory enactment of the Laird of Scotstoun, instead of preventing the people from going to reside in the district has, on the contrary, been a special attraction, as the demand for houses is almost greater than the supply. The houses on the north side of the estate are self-contained and are built on the cottage principle, having from five to eight apartments, with ornamented front plots averaging 18 feet square, and back gardens of about 45 feet by 20 feet in extent. The houses are occupied by middle-class people, and, with few exceptions, each family own the house in which they reside.

On the south side of the estate the houses are built on the tenement or flat principle, and have from two to four apartments. These are occupied chiefly by working men who are employed in the shipbuilding yards and public works in the neighborhood.

It is interesting to note a few facts in relation to this Prohibitory area. The police officer for the district states that crime has been conspicuous by its absence. He reports that there has only been a few offences among persons who reside in the district, and these cases have been of the most trifling character. Pauperism is practically unknown, and the rents of the houses are regularly paid. The nearest public-house is half a mile distant, unfortunately too near for the good of a few of the inhabitants; but, notwithstanding this drawback, the peace and good order in the district are remarkable, compared to those places where public-houses abound.

Scotstoun Estate, with its population of 20,000 persons living under absolute Prohibition, supplies a splendid object-lesson respecting the substantial benefits enjoyed by the people in the exclusion of public-houses from residential areas.

Mr. J. Parker Smith, who owns the adjoining estate of Jordanhill, has also inserted a Prohibitory enactment in all his feu charters with respect to public-houses. This Prohibitory area, including Jordanhill, is thus one of the largest and certainly the most populous in Scotland. As an evidence that the householders are in favor of the Veto it may be stated that plebiscite was taken on October 19th, 1903, in one of the wards on the estate. The question submitted was .'Are you in favor of Local Veto?' 1,025 householders answered yes, and 53 answered no.

It is interesting to note that an increasing number of landowners throughout Scotland are enacting Prohibition on their estates in order to preserve the amenity of the district, as the presence of public-houses has a deteriorating effect not only on property but on the material, social, and moral condition of the people. The result is that upwards of 180 parishes are now absolutely free from the pernicious influence of the public-house. The social, moral, and religious condition of the inhabitants in these places is such as to encourage the hearts of all friends of Temperance and Prohibition to labor with increased vigor and earnestness in the great cause of Temperance reform, so that the benefits enjoyed by the people in these places may at no distant date be extended all over the country.

Uncle Mason's Toad.

Johnnie Eaton was helping the gardener, picking up stones and bits of sticks and carrying them off in his little cart, when an old toad hopped out of the bushes and sat blinking solemnly at him.

'Hallo, old fellow, where did you come from?' said Johnnie, stopping all operations to look at the intruder.

'Here's a toad, Uncle Mason,' he called to the gardener, 'shall I put him out?'

'No, no, my boy; let him be. He catches bugs and flies, and helps to keep away the insects that would spoil our plants? He never fails to get him, and the first time trying, too. Suppose we sit down on this bank for a while and watch the little fellow, and I will tell you how he made me stop using tobacco.'

'Why, Uncle Mason, how could a toad do that?' asked Johnny, with wide-open eyes.

'Well, I'll tell you. I used to smoke and chew, but I've stopped for good now, and this is how I came to do it:

'One day I came across something a great doctor had written, that there was enough nicotine in one cigarette to kill two toads. I didn't know what nicotine was, but it set me thinking, and I kept asking 'round, until I found out that it was a poison that's in all kinds of tobacco. That sounded kind o' scary, and I got out my pencil, and did a little figuring. A good-sized toad weighs about half a pound, and I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. According to weight, it would take just one hundred and sixty cigarettes to kill me, to say nothing of chewing tobacco, and I'd get them smoked up in about a week. When I looked at it that way, I said to myself, "Mason, it's time to quit," and I did quit, then and there.

'Of course, I knew there were men that used tobacco, and yet lived to be older than I was, and I'd used it a good many years myself, and hadn't died yet. But then I thought, "maybe there are toads that it takes more to kill than it does others, and anyhow it isn't safe to take chances with that sort of thing."

'Then I got to wondering whether a toad that was stuffed half-full of tobacco poison would be much use in killing flies and I said:

'"Mason, that's just what's been the matter with you. When you went to school you were always at the foot of the class. You weren't quick at seeing things, or hearing what was said, and you didn't seem to be more than half awake any of the time. The boys that didn't smoke could run faster and play better and they were always ahead of you."

'After I left school, it was just the same. The other boys got good places to work, and I didn't get much of anything, and when I did, I couldn't keep up with the other men. It was tobacco that did it all. Now I've stopped, I can see better and hear better and work better. I've got this good job, and I'm doing well at it, and it's all on account of a toad, so you see I'm fond of the creatures and like to see them around.'

Uncle Mason hobbled off to work again, and Johnnie went, too, but he smiled at the toad under the bushes and decided he would never begin the use of tobacco.—Selected.

The statement is made that the opening of so many tea-shops in and around the City of London has diminished the business of public-houses. The caterers say that more cups of tea than glasses of beer were sold at the Crystal Palace on Easter Monday, which has never hitherto been the case on a Bank Holiday.

Concealing Whiskey's Work.

It is well known that very many calamities for which liquor is really responsible are attributed to other causes in the published accounts. The Pittsburg 'Despatch,' in a recent article, exposes the various explanations which are commonly given in this connection. The 'Despatch' says:—

'Apoplexy, heart disease, gastritis, and pneumonia frequently appear on the death certificates sent to the Allegheny county morgue, but were the truth told, these deaths, in hundreds of cases, each year have been superinduced by alcohol.

'The mortuary records of the county during the past few years show that there has been a remarkably large number of sudden deaths for which habitual intoxication was the primary or direct cause. Fatalities and tragedies in many cases may be attributed to the use of alcoholic drinks, and in nine cases out of every ten the persons who have committed suicide during the past decade in and about Pittsburg were driven insane or rendered destitute and despondent by drink's curse.

'Death due to pneumonia is the cause often ascribed by physicians for the death of their patients. In order that the friends of the dead be not subjected to humiliation, the words "superinduced by acute alcoholism" are frequently omitted from the certificate which is sent to the coroner.

'Pneumonia claims perhaps the larger share of drunkards. While under the influence of drink men subject themselves to exposure. While on a prolonged debauch they are careless about their dress, and have no regard for the condition of the weather, with the result that they contract severe colds, while their system is not in condition to fortify them against illness, and death follows.

'The old stereotyped phrase, "killed by a train," is used hundreds of times in a year by the Pittsburg newspapers, and it is brought into daily use as a result of drunkenness. Investigation into the death of most persons killed while walking the railroad tracks has proved that the victims were under the influence of liquor.

'Records of the local hospitals show that seventy per cent. of the victims of accidents placed under their care are due to intoxication, and in ninety out of every one hundred cases brought to the hospitals in patrol waggons. Demon Alcohol has figured prominently.

'If any man or body of men in Pittsburg thinks he is fully alive to the deplorable conditions that have been wrought by alcohol and its kindred destroyers of life, homes, and happiness, he is wrong.

'The whiskey bottle is in evidence in most of the hovels in the districts inhabited by the families who are frequent applicants for aid at the office of the Department of Charities and Correction.'

'The liquor laws in Allegheny County are as stringent as in any other place in the United States, but, notwithstanding this, topers are multiplying, our prisons are filling up, and records of charitable institutions show that intemperance is flourishing, and nothing is being accomplished toward curing the drunkard.'—'The Pioneer.'

The Famous Wrestlers and Alcohol.

Two of the most famous wrestlers have been giving their testimony about food and drink. Georges Hackenschmidt says:—'I am convinced that it is not desirable in the search for health and strength to lay down too strict limitations in the matter of diet. Thus it is well to eat what tempts the appetite, for a meal which is distasteful rarely has a beneficial effect. But, as regards drink, there is one law of the Medes and Persian order which must on no account be broken—never drink spirits. Alcohol, from the standpoint of strength, is the germ of death.' His opponent, Alimed Madrili, says:—'Good health is Nature's greatest gift, and you can become strong and healthy if you will bear in mind these few rules. Firstly, eat plain food, and avoid alcoholic liquors.'—'League Journal.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The End of Life.

(Philip James Bailey.)

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end.
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

How a Mother Helped.

The mother of a bright young business woman felt that she would like to lift some of the burden of money-making from her daughter's shoulders. The younger woman realized that while they had sufficient to meet their daily needs, the mother probably longed for money which she could call her very own, so she asked other women working in the great publishing house with her whether they would send to her wee flat any mending they had no time to do for themselves. Stockings, 5 cents per pair; lace sewed on petticoats, 25 cents; skirts rebound, 50 cents; other charges in proportion. Most of the girls she knew earned good salaries, but lived in boarding houses or studio apartments. The first week they came singly and in pairs, each carrying a small grip filled with odd bits of raiment that needed a stitch here and there. Then came a girl who wailed over the condition of her pretty linen turnover collars and cuffs. The laundress was ruining everything she had in this line. The mother hesitated, looked at her daughter — and then boldly plunged.

'If you will bring me your turnovers and lingerie stocks I will do them up for you.'

The daughter was furious, but her mother convinced her that it was really very dainty work, washing the bits of handiwork out in fine suds, rinsing them thoroughly, and ironing them while they were yet damp. She picked the laces dry and ironed the heavy, padded embroidery wrong side out on a board thickly covered with blankets and covered with immaculate white muslin. To-day she is earning nearly as much as her daughter, and, best of all, she says she enjoys the coming and going of her young girl customers, who always stop long enough to chat with her about their small successes and big ambitions.

Only a Cup of Tea.

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl hostess. 'Excuse me a minute, please,' she exclaimed, springing to her feet. 'I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it's mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes.'

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked too frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless, and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

'Come in and sit down while I get the money,' said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

'How tired you look!' she cried. 'Wait, and I will get you a cup of tea.'

She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china, from which rose a tempting fragrance.

'Drink this,' she said, 'I am sure you'll feel better.'

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body.

Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the pay for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her children, and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! Such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude!—Selected.

Baby's Bed.

One of the sweetest little baby beds imaginable was made entirely by the newcomer's grandmother. First she took a good-sized clothesbasket made of the soft wide splints, but with firm edges. This was covered entire with light blue paper cambric; over this she put white dotted muslin, with a frill hanging over the outside and held close by a blue satin ribbon going all around the basket and tying in a bow at the side.

A large sofa pillow of fine curled hair was sacrificed for the mattress. This she picked over with great care, made a pretty little tick of blue and white striped wash goods and fitted the mattress into the basket. The tiny sheets were hemmed by hand, and the soft little white blankets bound with blue satin ribbon. There was also a blue and white knitted spread and a soft, silk-covered elderdown comforter.

The handles of the basket were left free and bound closely with blue satin ribbon. Thus the little bed can be picked up and carried anywhere without a bit of trouble. In an apartment of moderate size such a scheme is well worth while, and it is a great convenience to be able to carry baby from room to room in his little bed so easily.

When he gets big enough he will have a really, truly bed in a larger house; but for a tiny baby in a tiny flat, the home-made basket bed is a saver of both room and trouble.—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.'

Religious Notes.

The Chinese women at Yenping are raising silkworms to help in getting money for a much needed woman's training school building. As there was but one mulberry tree in the compound, they found it difficult to get enough leaves for so many worms. After they began to spin silk they had to be watched night and day. Nine women took turns sitting up with them at night.

R. H. Nassau, for forty-five years a missionary in Africa under the Presbyterian Board, returned to America recently. He knows the French Congo, and German Cameroon districts thoroughly, and he says that the tales of cruelty in the Congo Free State under Belgian administration are not at all exaggerated.

A notable fact to be observed in connection with the late successful protest in Eng-

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THE BABY'S OWN

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Special Premium Notice

REMEMBER

That in all our Premium Offers —flags only excepted — ALL, GENUINE NEW BUSINESS ranks on the same basis whether special Year End Rates or full yearly rates,

UNTIL JULY 31

land against the Sunday newspaper. Is this: John Burns, the oldest champion of labor's interests that ever issued from its ranks, was among the strongest opponents of the Sunday journals. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, and Hugh Price Hughes, in their battle for the Lord's day. 'The Sabbath,' said John Burns, in an address to the Home Secretary, 'is the workingman's treasure.' Would that all workingmen realized it before it is lost to avarice and greed.

Mrs. Emma Maxwell Burke, who describes her experiences of the earthquake and fire at San Francisco in the New York 'Outlook,' declares that the stupendous disaster leads a thoughtful person to two conclusions—viz., faith in humanity, and the progress of the human race. 'All artificial restraints of our civilization' (writes Mrs. Burke), 'fell away with the earthquake's shocks. Every man was his brother's keeper. Everyone spoke to every one else with a smile. The all-prevailing cheerfulness and helpfulness were encouraging signs of our progress in practising the golden rule, and humanity's struggle upward toward the example of our Saviour.'

R. G., N.B.

The fiftieth annual report of the British Missions to Seamen gave many interesting details regarding the efforts made for the past 50 years by the society to provide spiritual ministrations for crews of many nationalities and creeds, as far as possible when at sea, as well as whilst in port, at anchor and ashore. Including 2,029 church offertories and non-recurring legacies amounting to £14,443, the total receipts reached a total of £63,408, the largest sum received in any one year. By means of eighty-one mission vessels nearly 10,000 services and Bible readings were conducted last year afloat by the mission staff on board ships and fishing vessels; besides divine worship held at sea by voluntary Missions to Seamen helpers serving on board. The society is at work in 62 ports at home and in 24 harbors abroad. It has a staff of 55 chaplains and 79 readers, and other workers. During last year nearly 21,000 religious services were held in 111 Missions to Seamen churches and institutes ashore for seagoing men, besides 2,379 brief ministrations in Royal Naval Reserve drill ships and batteries, and at coastguard stations. An appeal is made for an additional income of £10,000 in its jubilee year, to enable the society to found ten jubilee chaplaincies for neglected harbors abroad and for two additional chaplains in home ports.

SPECIAL TO OUR PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS

We desire to draw the particular attention of our old subscribers to our attitude towards them in our present sweeping reductions to new subscribers. We wish it to be distinctly understood that these special year-end rates are absolutely impossible for publications carried on along 'Witness' lines, except when limited, as they here are, to new subscribers. We have at times to make special offers to induce new friends to take our papers on trial for a few months, and our experience is that once having tried our papers, a large percentage of these new subscribers will continue year by year to take the papers at the regular rates, and we shall thus, in time, make good what we now lose.

As a matter of fact, every wide-awake publisher takes some such means of **introducing** his papers to new subscribers, counting on spending in reductions, commissions, premiums, advertising and correspondence, the greater part of his receipts from these trial rates, this loss to be covered gradually by the enlarged circulation obtained in this way.

We feel sure that this explanation will make it clear that the charge of unfairness made to us recently by one of our good old subscribers, is merely based on a misunderstanding of our attitude. We fully appreciate the fact that our present subscribers are our chief support, and while it would be a sheer impossibility for us to make these reduced rates our regular subscription basis, we wish to make the utmost return to our old friends for their introductions into new homes.

To this end we offer our old subscribers a share of what we have to give away and this we do in the shape of liberal cash commissions, free extension of their own subscriptions, or reliable premiums, as they may choose. Particulars to be found below. The more our good friends profit by these offers, the better shall we be pleased. We can never pay or reward people for merely renewing their own subscription—that can only be done by publishers who accept indiscriminate advertising, or who, in some other way that we do not choose to follow, make money out of their subscribers.

GREATEST YEAR-END OFFER EVER MADE.

To introduce our publications to many **NEW HOMES** during the remainder of this

OUR DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR

we will, taking a hint from the Big Stores, offer 'remnants,' that is, the remainder of this year at Bargain Counter Rates, as follows:

(NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY.)

DAILY WITNESS to January 1, 1907 . . . . for 90 cents
WEEKLY WITNESS to January 1, 1907 . . . . for 30 cents
WORLD WIDE to January 1, 1907 . . . . . for 50 cents
NORTHERN MESSENGER to January 1, 1907 . . for 15 cents

As we lose money on every sucscription taken at these rates, they must be strictly limited to NEW SUBSCRIBERS, living in homes where the publication has not been taken for at least two years.

SPECIAL TO PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS:

On the other hand, any present subscriber who will do a little work for us and will send us a club of at least three or more new subscribers, at these special year-end rates, may deduct half of the subscription price for his commission. Or, if four subscriptions at above rates be sent for any one publication, the subscriber remitting the club may have his own subscription to that publication extended for one year free of charge. **OR, WRITE FOR OUR NEW PREMIUM OFFERS.**

Those who only take one of the above publications should avail themselves of the above offers to try the others.

N.B.—In two recent issues you have received **colored blanks,** which we would be glad to have you hand to some friend or neighbor, with a word of appreciation, if you have not used them already. These are **SPECIAL BLANKS** and are good for **NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY.**

WE ASK YOUR PROMPT CO-OPERATION.

The above rates include postage paid for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, also in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands.

Send for samples and blank forms. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, "Witness" Buildings, Montreal.